

Newport



Mercury

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

LUME XCV.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1856.

NUMBER 4,934.

Newport Mercury,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COGGESHALL & P. A. PRATT.
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
Old Stand—No. 123 Thames Street.

Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75 if
it is made strictly in advance.

Advertisements inserted at the Lowest
Deduction made to those who advertise by
the paper discontinued (unless at the op-
tion of the Proprietors) until arrangements are made.

Poetry.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

How curious lines which issue from the pen
of lamented Thomas Hood. Most birds find it
easily difficult to obtain one rhyming word at
end of a line, but Hood secures such, with an
ease which is as graceful as it is surprising—
"A come"; and from the dark park, bark
signal of the setting sun—one gun
was waiting from the elms, prime time
to see the Drury Lane Dancer slain;
"O! Othello's jealous doubt spout out
each breath raving at that shade made blade,
lying to his frantic clutch much touch;
see to see Duveroy with wide stride ride
his horse, as no other man can span;
in the small Olympic pit, sit split,
lighting at Linton while you quit his phiz.

Some night comes, and with her wings brings things
as with her poetic tongue. Young sung, she
goes up blazes with its bright white light,
of paralytic watchmen growl, howl, growl
and the streets and take up Pall Mall Sal
who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robe blue.

How thieves to enter for your cash, small cash,
that drowsy Charles, in a deep sleep, creep,
and frightened by Policeman B, B, B,
and while they're going, whisper low, "no get!"
"no pose, while folks are in their beds, treadle leads
and sleepers waking, grumble, that that cat!
The in the gutter eatwater, equals, impulse,
some false fire, and screams in shrill will,
few bulls of Basian, of a prize sin,
the scoldish dreads, and with a roar goes poor
Georgy or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;

And his nurse-maid in a night mare rest, almost pressed,
Dramatic of one of her old flames, James Gamson,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Am's
ban's!

And his from Rev. Mr. Rios, three, three;
White ribbon flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows those those those
words.

THE OLD OAK.

Here have I stood the pride of the park;
In winter, with snow on my frozen bark;
In spring, among the flowers that round me were
spread.

And among my own leaves when summer was fled,
Three hundred years my top I have raised;
Three hundred years I have sadly gazed
O'er Nature's wide extended scene;

O'er rushing rivers and meadows green;
For, though I was always willing to roam,
I never could yet my firm foot move.

They said my brother who stood by my side,
And flung out his arms so wide, so wide,
How I envy him, for how blest is he,
As the keel of a vessel he sails so free
Around the whole of the monstrous earth;
But I am still in the place of my birth.

I once was too long and proud to comply,
But am now become feeble from age and pain,
And therefore I often give vent to my woes
When through my branches the wild wind blows.

A night like this, so calm and clear,
I have not seen for many a year;
The milk white dew and the tender dawn
Are slipping about on the moon-light lawn;
And on the verge of my time-worn roof
Two lovers are seated, and both are mute;
Her arm encircles his youthful neck,
For none are present here to check.

This night would almost my heart cheer,
Had I one hope, or one single fear.

QUACKOPATHY.

Take of Quackopathy's pills,
A twenty-five cent box;
And of Townsend's Sarsaparilla,
Enough to kill an ox.

Before you go to bed,
Eat a quart of Salsmagundi,
And on top of that,
Take a dose of "Alcornoque."

Every night and morning,
Drink a pint of Brandy,
Sweeten if you please,
With a stick of Cough-Cure Candy.

Then add to the above,
A pill of Quackopathy's,
Then if you are not dead,
You surely ought to be.

SENSEOPATHY.

Take the open air—
The more you take the better,
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay—
Let alone the Gin,
The Brandy and the Whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no deal of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you ought to be.

"No."

There's a word very short, but decided plain,
And speaks to the purpose at once;
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,
That of 'tis too hard to pronounce;
What a world of confusion and trouble 'twould spare,
What pleasure and peace 'twould bestow,
If we turn'd when temptation would lure and ensnare,
And firmly replied it with "No!"

Agriculture.

PLANT LICE.—Of all the insects which
are injurious to vegetables, none have at-
tracted more attention than the green fly,
or plant lice, not only from the amount of
injury which they inflict upon the trees of
our orchards, and plants of the garden, but
the peculiarly anomalous manner in which
the greater number of them are produced.
The species are extremely numerous, al-
most every plant having a different kind,
and the habits of many have been thor-
oughly investigated by naturalists; the effects
which they produce upon vegetables are
to a great extent mechanical, exhausting
the vitality of the plant by the constant
drain of sap.

As they pass most of their time in one
place, with the rostrum inserted into the
ecular tissue of the leaf, young stem,
branch or root, pumping its life blood, and
as their name is legion, the quantity thus
drawn from its natural channel is very con-
siderable, producing a gradual decay and
often, finally the death of the plant; some
species however, have apparently a poison-
ous effect. The changes undergone by the
insect have been minutely described by
Reaumur, Bonnet, Koubert, &c. In the
spring and summer the different genera-
tions are of one sex, the female; no male
appearing until the autumn. The eggs are
laid at this time, and the present insects
die. Next spring they are hatched, pro-
ducing, without a single exception, fe-
males; these without fecundation, give
birth to a number of living young ones of
their own sex, who in turn produce young,
repeating the same thing through seven
to eleven generations, until the cold weath-
er setting in, puts a stop to it; the last
generation, however, consists of females,
and eggs are again laid.

These summer broods are wingless, but
males of the last brood have well-devel-
oped wings.

The ants use the green fly as milk cows,
protecting them from their enemies, and
taking great care of them, and may be seen
busily engaged among them, drinking the
sweet honey dew discharged by the fly
from its anal tubercles. Their enemies
are the small insectivorous birds; the larva
of the lace-winged fly, who devour them by
hundreds, and larva of the little lady-bird
beetles, the coccinella, known to every
school boy, "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly
away home," &c.

The lace-winged flies are not so well
known, are four-winged, of a green color,
about three fourths of an inch in length,
may be seen flying in the warm summer
evenings, and when handled emit a most
intolerable stench.

In adorning our grounds, if we cannot
keep a gardener, whose business it is to at-
tend particularly to such things, it is bet-
ter not to attempt anything more than we
ourselves can be sure of having leisure to do
well. Flower beds in a barn, or front yard,
if neglected, become really ugly, and disfig-
ure what they were intended to improve
while grass is always agreeable to the eye,
and requires comparatively little attention.

Shrubs require much less care than flow-
ers, and will thrive under treatment that
would destroy all beauty in a flower bed—
Borders for flowers are very pretty along
the principal walks of the vegetable gar-
den. Then they do not require so nice at-
tention as in front of the house, and be-
sides, they are more easily kept clean, as
no grass is permitted to grow near them.

A bed of flowers somewhere about the
house seems very desirable for the supply
of vases. No prettier ornament for the
parlor can be found than fresh, and frag-
rant flowers, and it is an ornament, which
in its season, should never be wanting in a
country home.

CORN COBS WORTHLESS FOR FEED.—
We have been several times called to ac-
count for stating that all inventions for
grinding cobs were valueless to the world,
because nothing was accomplished of any
value by the grinding; because the cob
of the Indian corn contained scarcely as
much nutriment as the wood of several
species of forest trees. In fact it would
be decidedly better to grind the stalks of
the corn, or stalks of wheat, oats, barley,
or any of the common grasses. In this
opinion we are corroborated by the show-
ing of Dr. Charles T. Jackson, showing
only 4.12 per cent of nutritive, consisting
of gum, starch and dextrine. This shows
that cobs are worth more for fuel than for
food of animals.—N. Y. Tribune.

Selected Tale.

ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO.

BY A FRONTIER TRAPPER.

I was travelling with Bent's train from
Independence to Santa Fe. One evening
after the wagons had corralled, and my
animal had got some rest and a bite of corn,
I leaped into the saddle, and set out to see
if I could find something fresh for my own
supper. It was a rolling prairie, and the
camp was soon hidden from my sight—as
it lay in a hollow between two swells.—
Trusting to the sky for my direction, there-
fore, I continued on. After riding about
a mile, I should think, I came upon buffalo
signs. It was not the first time for me,
and I saw at a glance that the sign was
fresh. There were several wallows; and
I could tell by the tracks in the dust, there
had been nothing but bulls in that quarter.

A cow track would have pleased me better
but after all, thought I, a fresh bull's tongue
for a change is better than salt bacon; so
I followed the trail in hopes of getting one.
Shortly after, I came to a place where the
ground was ploughed up, as if a drove of
hogs had been rooting it. Here there had
been a terrible fight among the bulls—it
was the rutting season, when such conflicts
occur. This augured well. Perhaps there
are cows in the neighborhood, reasoned I,
as I gave the spur to the horse, and follow-
ed the trail with more spirit.

I had ridden half five miles from the camp
when my attention was attracted by an odd
noise ahead of me. There was a ridge in
front that prevented me from seeing what
produced the noise; but I knew what it
was—it was the bellowing of a buffalo bull.
At intervals there were quick shocks, as if
two hard substances coming in violent con-
tact with each other. I mounted the ridge
with caution, and looked over its crest.—
There was a valley beyond; a cloud of dust
was rising out of its bottom, and in the midst
of this I could distinguish two huge forms
—dark and hirsute. I saw at once that
they were a pair of buffalo bulls engaged
in a fierce fight. They were alone; there
were no others in sight, either in the valley
or on the prairie.

I did not halt longer than to see that the
cap was on my rifle, and to cock the piece.
Occupied as the animals were, I did not
imagine they would heed me; or, if they
should attempt flight, I knew I could easily
overtake one or the other; so, without fur-
ther hesitation or precaution, I rode towards
them. Contrary to my expectation, they
both wheeled me, and started off. The wind
was blowing freshly towards them, and the
sun had thrown my shadow between them,
so as to draw their attention. They did
not run, however, as if badly scared; on
the contrary, they went on, apparently in-
dignant at being disturbed in their fight;
and every now and then both came round
with short turnings, snorted, and struck
the prairie with their hoofs in a violent and
angry manner. Once or twice, I fancied
they were going to charge back upon me;
and had I been otherwise than well
mounted, I should have been very chary
of risking such an encounter. A more
formidable pair of antagonists, as far as
appearance went, could not have been
well conceived. Their huge size, their
shaggy fronts, and fierce glaring eye balls,
gave them a wild and malicious seeming,
which was heightened by their bellowing,
and the threatened attitudes in which they
continually placed themselves.

Feeling quite safe in my saddle, I galloped
up to the nearest, and sent my bullet
in his ribs. It did the work. He fell to
his knees—rose again—spread out his legs,
as if to prevent a second fall—rocked from
side to side like a cradle—again came to his
knees; and after remaining in this position
for some minutes, with the blood running
from his nostrils, rolled quietly over on his
shoulder, and lay dead.

I had watched these manoeuvres with in-
terest, and permitted the second bull to
make his escape; a side-glance had shown
me the latter disappearing over the crest of
the swell. I did not care to follow him, as
my horse was somewhat jaded, and I knew
it would cost me a sharp gallop to come up
with him again; so I thought no more of
him at that time, but alighted and prepared
to deal with the one already slain. There
stood a solitary tree near the spot—it was a
stunted elm. There were others upon the
prairie, but they were distant; this one was
not twenty yards from the carcass. I led
my horse up to it, and taking the trail-ropes
from the horns of the saddle made one end
fast to the bitting, and the other to the
tree. I then went back, drew my knife
and prepared to cut the buffalo.

I had hardly whetted my blade when a
noise from behind caused me to leap to an
upright attitude, and look round; at the first
glance I comprehended all. A huge dark
object was passing the crest of the ridge,
and rushing down the hill toward the spot
when I stood. It was the buffalo bull,
the same that had just left me. The night at
first thought rather pleased me than other-
wise. Although I did not want any more

meat, I should have the triumph of carry-
ing two tongues instead of one to camp.
I therefore hurriedly sheathed my
knife and laid hold of my rifle, which,
according to custom, I had taken the pre-
caution to re-load. I hesitated a moment
whether to run to my horse and mount him
or to fire from where I stood; that ques-
tion, however, was settled by the buffalo.—
The tree and the horse were to one side
of the direction in which he was running,
but being attracted by the loud snorting of
the latter which had begun to pitch and
plunge violently, and deeming it perhaps
a challenge, he suddenly swerved from his
course, and ran full tilt upon the horse.—
The latter shot out instantly to the full
length of the trail-ropes—a heavy "pluck"
sounded in my ears, and the next instant
I saw my horse part from the tree, and scour
off over the prairie. I had knotted the
ropes negligently upon the bitting, and the
knot had come undone.

I was chagrined, but not alarmed as yet.
My horse would no doubt follow back his
own trail, and at the worst I should only
have to walk to the camp. I should have
the satisfaction of punishing the buffalo for
the trick he had served me; and with this
design, I turned towards him, I saw that
he had not followed the horse, but was again
heading himself in my direction.—
Now, for the first time, it occurred to me
that I was in something of a scrape. The
bull was coming furiously on. Should my
shot miss, or even should it only wound him
how was I to escape? I knew that he could
overtake me in three minutes; I knew that
well.

I had not much time for reflection—not
a moment—in fact the infuriated animal
was within ten paces of me; I raised my
rifle, aimed at his fore-shoulder, and
fired. I saw that I had hit him, but to my
dismay, he neither fell or stumbled,
but continued to charge forward more fu-
riously than ever. To re-load was impos-
sible. My pistol had gone off with my horse
and holsters. Even to reach the tree was
impossible; the bull was between it and me.
The only thing that held out any prospect
of five minutes' safety. I turned and ran.
I can run as fast as most men—and upon
that occasion I did my best. It would have
put Giletsleeves into a white sweat to
have distanced me—but had not been two
minutes at it when I felt conscious that the
buffalo gained upon me, and was almost
treading upon my heels. I knew it only
by my ears—I dared not spare time to look
back.

At this moment an object appeared be-
fore me that promised, one way or another,
to interrupt the chase; it was a ditch or
gully, that intersected my path at right
angles. It was several feet in depth, dry
at the bottom, and with perpendicular sides.
I was almost upon its edge before I no-
ticed it; but the moment it came under
my eye I saw that it offered the means of
a temporary safety at least. If I could
only leap this I felt sure the buffalo could
not. It was a sharp leap—at least seven-
teen feet from cheek to cheek; but I had
done more than that in my time; and with-
out halting in my gait, I ran forward to the
edge and sprang over. I alighted cleverly
upon the opposite bank, where I stopped,
and turned round to watch my pursuer. I
now ascertained how near my end I had
been; the bull was already up to the gully;
had I not made my leap the instant I did,
I should have been by that time dancing
upon his horns. He himself had balked
at the leap—the deep chasm-like cleft had
awed him.

He saw that he could not clear it, and
now stood upon the opposite bank, with
head lowered, and spread nostrils, his tail
lashing his smooth flanks, while his glaring
black eyes expressed the full measure of
his baffled rage. I remarked that my shot
had taken effect in his shoulder, as the
blood trickled from his long hair. I had
almost begun to congratulate myself on
having escaped, when a hurried glance to
the right and another to the left cut short
my happiness. I saw that on both sides, at
a distance of less than fifty paces, the gully
shallowed out into the plain, where it
ended; at either end it was, of course,
passable. The bull observed this almost
at the same time as myself; and suddenly
turning away from the brink, he ran along
the edge of the chasm, evidently with the
intention of turning it. In less than a min-
ute's time we were once more on the same
side, and my situation appeared as terrible
as ever, but stepping back for a short run,
I reloaded the chasm, and again we stood
on opposite sides.

During all these manoeuvres I had held
on to my rifle; and, seeing now that I
might have time to load it, I commenced
feeling for my powder-horn. To my aston-
ishment, I could not lay my hands upon it;
I looked down to my breast for the sling—
it was not there; belt and bullet-pouch,
too—all were gone! I remembered lifting
them up my head, when I set about cut-
ting the dead bull. They were lying by the
carcass. This discovery was a new source
of chagrin; but for my negligence I could

now have mastered my antagonist. To
reach the ammunition would be impossible;
I should be overtaken before I had got half
way to it. I was not allowed much time
to indulge in my regrets; the bull had
again turned the ditch, and was once more
upon the same side with me, and I was
compelled to take another leap. I really
do not remember how often I sprang back-
wards and forwards across that chasm; I
should think a score of times at least; I
became weary of the exercise. The leap
was just as much as I could do at my
best; and as I was growing weaker at each
fresh spring, I became satisfied that I should
soon leap short and crush myself against
the steep rocky sides of the chasm. Should
I fall to the bottom my pursuer could easily
reach me by entering at either end, and I
began to dread such a finale. The vengeful
beast showed no symptoms of retreating. On
the contrary, the numerous disappointments
seemed only to render him more deter-
mined in his resentment.

An idea now suggested itself to my mind.
I had looked all round to see if there might
be something that offered a better secu-
rity. There were trees, but they were too
distant; the only one near was that to
which my horse had been tied. It was a
small one, and, like all of its species, (it
was a cotton-wood,) there were no bran-
ches near the root. I knew that I could
clamber up it by embracing the trunk,
which was not over ten inches in diameter.
Could I only succeed in reaching it, it
would at least shelter me better than the
ditch, of which I was getting heartily tired.
But the question was, could I reach it be-
fore the bull? It was about 300 yards off.
By proper manoeuvring, I should have a
start of fifty. Even with that, it would be
a "close shave," and it proved so. I arrived
at the tree, and sprang up it like a
mountebank; but the hot breath of the
buffalo steamed after me as I ascended, and
the concussion of his heavy skull against
the trunk almost shook me back upon my
horns. After a severe effort, I succeeded
in lodging myself among the branches.

I was now safe from all immediate dan-
ger, but how was the affair to end? I knew
from the experience of others that my
enemy might stay for hours by the tree,
perhaps for days. Hours would be enough.
I could not stand it long. I hungered, but
a worse appetite tortured me—thirst. The
hot sun, the dust, the violent exercise of
the past hour, all contributed to make me
thirsty. Even then I would have risked it
my life for a draught of water. What would
it come to should I not be relieved? I had
but one hope—that my companions would
come to my relief; but I knew that would
not be before morning. They would miss
me, of course. Perhaps my horse would
return to camp; that would send them out
in search of me; but not before night had
fallen. In the darkness they could not
follow my trail. Could they do so in the
light? This last question, which I had
put to myself, startled me. I was just in
the condition to look upon the dark side of
everything, and it now occurred to me that
they might not be able to find me! There
were many possibilities that they might not.
There were numerous horse-trails on the
prairie, where Indians had passed. I saw
this when tracking the buffalo. Besides,
it might rain in the night, and obliterate
them all, my own with the rest. They
were not likely to find me by chance. A
circle of ten miles in diameter is a large
track. It was rolling prairie, full of in-
equalities, ridges with valleys between. The
tree upon which I was perched stood in the
bottom of one of the valleys—it could
not be seen from any point over 300
yards distant. Those searching for me
might pass within hail, without perceiving
either the tree or the valley.

I remained for a long time busied with
such gloomy thoughts, and forebodings—
Night was coming on, but the fierce and
obstinate beast showed no disposition to
raise the siege. He remained watchful as
ever, walking round and round at intervals,
lashing his tail, and uttering that snorting
sound so well known to the prairie-hunter,
and which so much resembles the snuffings
of hogs when suddenly alarmed.

While watching his manoeuvres, an ob-
ject on the ground drew my attention—it
was the trail-ropes left by my horse. One
end of it was fastened round the trunk
by a firm knot—the other lay far out upon
the prairie, where it had been dragged.—
My attention had been drawn to it by the
bull himself, which he in crossing had no-
ticed, and now and then pawed it with his
hoofs.

All at once a bright idea flashed upon me
—a sudden hope arose within me—a plan of
escape presented itself, so feasible and pos-
sible, that I leaped in my perch as the
thought struck me.

The first step was to get possession of
the rope. This was not such an easy
matter. The rope was fastened around the
tree but the knot had slipped down the
trunk and lay upon the ground. I dared
not descend for it.

Necessity soon suggested a plan. My
"picker"—a piece of straight wire with a

ring-end—hung from one of my breast bu-
tons. This I took hold of, and bent into
the shape of a grappling hook. I had no
cord, but my knife was still safe in its
sheath; and, drawing this, I cut several
things from the skirt of my buckskin shirt,
and knotted them together until they formed
a string long enough to reach the ground.
To one end, I attached the picker; and then
letting it down, I commenced angling for
the rope. After a few transverse draughts,
the hook caught the latter, and I pulled it
up into the tree, taking the whole of it in
until I held the loose end in my hands.—
The other end I permitted to remain as it
was; I saw it was securely knotted round
the trunk, and that was just what I wanted.
It was my intention to lasso the bull; and
for the purpose I proceeded to make a
running noose on the end of the trail-ropes.
This I executed with great care, and with
all my skill. I could depend upon the
rope—it was a raw-hide—and a better was
never twisted; but I knew that if anything
should chance to slip at a critical moment,
it might cost me my life. With this know-
ledge, therefore, I spliced the eye, and then
the loop was reeved through, and the thing
was ready.

I could throw a lasso tolerably well, but
the branches prevented me from winding
it. It was necessary, therefore, to get the
animal in a certain position under the tree,
which, by shouts and other demonstrations,
I at length succeeded in effecting. The
moment of success had arrived. He stood
almost directly below. The noose was
shut down—I had the gratification to see it
settle around his neck, and with a quick
jerk I tightened it. The rope ran beauti-
fully through the eye, until both eyes and
loop were buried beneath the shaggy hair
of the animal's neck. It embraced his
throat in the right place, and I felt confi-
dent that it would hold. The moment the
bull felt the jerk upon his throat, he dashed
madly out from the tree, and then com-
menced running in circles around it. Con-
trary to my intention, the rope had slipped
from my hands at the first drag upon it—
My position was rather an uncomfortable one,
for the branches were slender, and I could
not manage the matter as well as I could
have wished.

But I now felt confident enough. The
bull was tethered, and it only remained for
me to get out beyond the length of his
tether, and take to my heels. My gun lay
on one side of the tree, where I had dropped
it in my race; this of course I meant to
carry off with me. I waited, therefore, until
the animal, in one of his circles, had got
round to the opposite side, and then slipp-
ing down the trunk, I sprang out, picked
up my rifle, and ran. I knew the trail-
rope to be about twenty yards in length,
but I ran one hundred at least before mak-
ing halt. I had even thought of continu-
ing on, as I still could not help some mis-
givings about the rope. The bull was one
of the largest and strongest I had ever seen.
The rope might break, the knot upon the
tree might give way, or the noose might
slip over his head. Curiosity, however, or
rather a desire to be assured of my safety,
prompted me to look around, when, to my
joy, I beheld the huge monster stretch-
ed upon the plain. I could see the rope
as taut as a bowstring; and the tongue
protruding from the animal's jaws, showed
me that he was strangling himself as fast
as I could desire.

At the sight, the idea of buffalo tongue
for supper returned in all its vigor; and
it now occurred to me that I should eat
that very tongue, and no other. I imme-
diately turned in my tracks, ran towards
my powder and balls—which in my eager-
ness to escape I had forgotten all about,
seized the horn and pouch, poured in a
charge rammed down a bullet, and then
stealing nimbly up behind the still strug-
gling bull, I placed the muzzle within
three feet of his breast, and fired. He
gave a death-kick or two, and then lay
quiet; it was all over with him.

I had the tongue from between his teeth in a
twinkling; and proceeding to the other bull
finished the operation. I commenced grop-
ing my way back to the camp; but before
I had got half-way, I met several of my
companions. My horse had got back a
little before sunset and his appearance had
of course produced alarm, and half the
camp had turned out in search of me.—
Several who had a relish for fresh meat
galloped back to strip the two bulls of the
remaining tit-bits; but before midnight
all had returned; and to the accompani-
ment of the hump ribs spurring in the
cheerful blaze I recounted to my compan-
ions the details of my adventure.

BRITANNIA METAL.—Articles made of
Britannia metal should be first rubbed
gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil,
and then washed in warm soda and rubbed
with leather and whiting. Thus treated
it will retain its beauty to the last.

Life spent without any fixed aim may be
compared to "throwing buckets into empty
wells and growing old in drawing water."
"picker"—a piece of straight wire with a

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1669.

held for the colony at Newport, May 4th,
1669, being the day before election.

The deputy-governor chosen Moderator
Joseph Torrey, clerk of the Assembly.

By Election, May 5th.
Benedict Arnold, Governor.

John Clarke, deputy governor.
Capt. John Cranston, Assistant.

Capt. John Sanford, do,
John Easton, do,

Wm. Carpenter, do,
Wm. Harris, do,

Thomas Olney, do,
Wm. Baulston, do,

Joshua Coggeshall, do,
Benjamin Smith, do,

Capt. John Greene, do,
Joseph Torrey, do,

James Rogers, general Sargeant,
John Coggeshall, general Treasurer.

John Easton, general Attorney.
Edward Richmond, general Solicitor.

Deputies.
Newport. John Coggeshall, Joseph
Torrey, Caleb Carr, Wm. Weeden, James
Burke, Edward Smith.

Providence. John Sayles, John Whipple,
Andrew Harris, Shadrack Mantou.

Portsmouth. John Sanford, John Briggs,
John Tripp, Lot Strange.

Warwick. John Weeks, Richard Card-
er, James Greene, Edmund Calverly.

"The Court adjourned until Friday,
the 14th day of this inst.

The following letter was received from
Connecticut.

Hartford, Oct. 8th, 1668.

Honorable Gentlemen,

We having seriously considered the re-
sult of the returns which you were pleased
to send back higher upon the treaty with
our commissioners, viz. Mr. John Allyn,
and Thomas Stanton, and finding no val-
id agreement therein, which according to
law, or upon pretence of argument made
with our governor in England, and duly
observed by you, can be supposed to nul-
lify our charter title, and other interests to
those lands in the Narragansett country,
and the government there, but that other
claims thereto do still remain just and
to be pursued. Yet as neighbors and fel-
low countrymen, desirous to follow peace
with all men, as much as in us lies, we
thought meet to put ourselves to such
further trouble & charge, as to offer unto
you another reason for our mutual endeav-
oring an amicable compliance for an issue
respecting that matter, by way of treaty
between some persons on each party, spe-
cifically empowered for that end, who may
meet in New London some time in Novem-
ber, or March next, as yourselves shall
choose, & signify to us thereof seasonably.
The reality of our intentions herein you
may conclude—and that we resolve, if
our amicable tenders be by you rejected,
to use all just endeavours, to maintain
our just rights and properties. Thus
hoping our labour of love and study of
peace in the premises shall (by disregard
on your part) be rendered fruitless or in-
effectual, we shall not give you further
trouble but remain,

Most honoured gentlemen,
Your loving friends,
The General Assembly of the colony
of Connecticut.

Signed by their order,
Per me, JOHN ALLYN, Sen-
To the worshipful Wm. Brenton,
Esq., governor of the

Majesties colony of Rhode-
Island and Providence Plac-
ations, at his house in New-
port. These to be communi-
cated to this council.

P. S. Please return an answer by the
first opportunity, that so we may know
your minds.

The *Greenfield Gazette* of the 18th inst., says that in the western part of that county Nepe were at the datesnow banks six feet deep.

Monday next, at 8 o'clock, the new City Government will be organized.

Everything is now in fine growing order, and the late rains have given a good start to vegetation.

Received, and the thanks of this Board be presented to B. J. Taylor, Esq., for the very able manner in which he has filled the office of President of this Board, for the past year. Read and passed.

Adjourned to Monday, June 30, 1886, at 3 o'clock P. M.

The plate and other decorations of the table now owned by the city of Paris, are said to be worth from eight to ten millions of francs.

Massachusetts on the floor of the Senate Chamber of the United States, by a Representative from South Carolina, is an outrage the commission of which, in a civilized community, no pretension can justify, and the enormity of which no excuse can palliate, and that the people have a right to

published a letter on Sardinian and Italian affairs, generally extolling the attitude of Sardinia in regard to Austria and the hope.

The motion was negatived. Adjourned.

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The motion was negatived. Adjourned.

Wood & Coal.



COAL AT \$5.50 PER TON.

THIS SUBSIDIARY is now prepared to furnish his customers with coal at prices ranging from \$5.30 per ton and upwards.

WM. J. SWINBURNE

Sept. 29. opposite foot of Mary st.

Price Reduced.

COKE for sale at 10 cents per bushel. Apply to Robert Anderson, 329 Thimble street, or the Office of the Newport Gas Light Company May 24.

Lyken's Valley Coal.

A cargo of this deservedly popular coal prime order just received and for sale by June 16 CHAS. WILLIAMS.

Hickory White Ash Coal,
FOR FURNACES, at the City Coal Yard.
 Dec 15. CHAS. WILLIAMS

NEILL'S FAMILY COAL.
 (Formerly called Pinkerton.)

THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements for the sale of this celebrated and very popular coal.

lar coal for the coming season. He would
to those unacquainted with it, that it
freely, does not cinder and is very pure. No
pains is taken with the preparation of this
than any with which I am acquainted. It is
sidered preferable to the Lyken's Valley and
or semibituminous coals, as it is much more
ble and is sold at less price.

April 26 CHARLES WILLIAMS

CO-PARTNERSHIP.
THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into co-partnership for the sale of various kinds of wood and coal usually offered this market. They would respectfully solicit patronage of the friends and the public.
 They are this day discharging a cargo of Ken's Valley Coal.
WILLIAM OMAN,
 JOHN COLEMAN.

JOSEPH BRADFORD,
Langley's wharf, opposite the Custom House
March 29.—6m

Lykeu's Valley Coal—This day land
at Langley's wharf opposite the Custom
House, and for sale by
April 25 OMAN & BRADFORD

To Farmers

Ketchum's Patent
MOWING MACHINE
THE only grass cutting machine before
public that has cut all kinds of grass suc-
cessfully, and possesses several well secured im-
provements absolutely indispensable in the con-
struction of a well working and successful mower.

These machines are capable of cutting and spreading with one span of horses and driver from ten to fifteen acres per day of any kind of grass, as well as it is done with the scythe by the use of mowers.

A sample machine can be seen at the store of the subscribers, who have been appointed agents for the sale of them in this county, and are prepared to furnish them at the manufacturers' prices.

CORNELL & DENNIS

May 3. 22 Broad street

FLOUR GRAIN, &c.

50 bbls Irving, and other extra brands,
50 " common Western brands,
30 half bbls double extra do,
100 bags flour, various brands,
1000 bushels superior White Maryland Corn
500 " Yellow Western mixed,

1000 " Western, New York, and R. I. O.
1000 " Rye,
1000 " Wheat, Shorts, Middlings and End
For sale by C. P. BARBER,
April 19. 4 & 6 Market Square

Grass Seeds.—Clover, Timothy, and
Top Seed at 22 Broad street.
April 12. CORNELL & DENNIS

GRASS SEED.
200 Bushels Borden's or Bent; 50 bags
 Top; 10 barrels Ohio and Pennes-
 sia Clover Seed; 50 bushels Timothy; 50
 White Honey Suckle. For sale at
 C. P. BARBER'S
 April 19. 4 & 6 Market Square
Timothy Hay, &c.

300 Bales superior quality Timothy
250 bales Straw, for sale at
C. P. BARBER'S
April 19. 4 & 6 Market Square

4000 BUSHELS PRIME MARYLAND
Corn, just received and for sale
at reduced prices, by
March 29. J. H. & G. W. PERRY

TO FARMERS.
We have a few seeds of the California M.
squash; a variety reaching the weight
130 lbs. We will give them to any persons
wish to introduce the kind on their farms.
HAZARD & CASWELL
May 17. next the Post Office

Guano! Guano!! Guano!!!

THE SUBSCRIBERS have for sale the above article in quantities to suit purchasers at one pound upwards.

This Guano, (imported into this port from an island in the Carribean Sea) has been analysed by the Russian in this vicinity.

tested with the Peruvian, in one vicinity the result is a decidedly visible preference for the Columbian when used in the same relative proportion as to cost.

The price has been fixed at a low rate in order to give those in want of a fertilizer, an opportunity of testing its merits at a small outlay to their satisfaction. For lawns, meadows, or house plants it is invaluable.

Price—In barrels \$22 per ton, in bulk

per ton. CORNELL & DENN
April 26—Swiss 22 Broad St.

Peruvian Guano.—with Government weight and brand on each bag.
Columbian Guano containing large proportion of phosphate of lime, in store and for sale.
April 25 J. H. & G. W. PERRELL
Guano and Plaster—for sale by

Columbian Guano—This most excellent fertilizer is being used with fine result for Gardens, Meadows, or Lawns. It is loyal for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, by
May 19. T. & J. COGGESHA

Paper Hangings.—Wm. C. Coz
Co. have received their spring stock of
papers in great variety from the lowest
the rich styles of gilt and cloth of French
fatures; also samples of decorations for h
April 29
NEW
Paper Hangings

Paper hangings,
Are received at
March 22. JAMES HAMMON

NEW HOUSE PAPERS.
A LARGE VARIETY of new Paper Hangings are just received and for sale at the
prices, by
March 29. CHAS. E. HAMMETT

86

Paper Hangings.

A new lot of very cheap Paper Hangings, width, just opened at Broad Street.

CORNELL & DEN

Sept 15.

Instruction.

BERKLEY INSTITUTE
SUMMER TERM begins on the first Monday of May. This School has three departments (English, Classical, and French) and a full staff of teachers.
 For Circulars giving particulars, with reference to the School, 10 Washington Square, New York, apply to
A. DALTON.

WM. C. LEVERETT,)
Newport, March 22—6m.

SCHOOL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS will be opened in a room over Apothecaries' Hall, on 3 May 5th.
Terms, \$10 per quarter.
April 19. BENJ. E. THURS

10-11-68

COMB'S Remedy for Asthma
er, prepared by Joseph Burnett
ale by R. J. TAYLOR